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and **BYSTANDER**

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Yvonne Gregory

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Marie Adelaide of Luxembourg

Princess Elizabeth and her sister, Princess Marie Adelaide, are the two elder daughters of the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg and Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma. They have two brothers, the eldest of whom, Prince Jean, heir to the Grand Duchy, is serving in the Irish Guards, and two sisters. Before joining their parents in this country the princesses were at school in Canada



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Advance

THE Allies are sweeping forward on all sides of Germany to engulf the Nazis. King Canute could not stay the tide, neither can Hitler. In a short space of time all Northern France will be secure in Allied hands. Soon after this Belgium and Holland will be freed. The Russians will be marching into Germany. All this because the invasion of the coast of Normandy was the most remarkably conceived and efficiently executed amphibious landing operation in military history. The Germans had every reason to think that they could prevent our landing, or annihilate the Allied forces, once they had landed. But the plan was bold, novel and courageous in every way. Had it failed the war could have lasted until weariness won. Now we know with confidence that victory cannot be long delayed, the present phase of fighting will be ended before the winter blackout is due.

Desperation

THERE are desperate men in Germany at this moment. They are fighting to stave off inevitable disaster, their fate. They are fighting blindly and hopelessly like men possessed. But few of them can be possessed with anything but fear. Hitler calls on providence and boasts about his faith in his destiny. The

time is coming, if it is not already here, when even those nearest to him will be uninterested in his destiny. They will want to save their own skins. It is ridiculous to imagine that the Germans have a set plan which can hold against the onrush of Allied advances. A plan to be successful requires the adherence of united forces. We now know—and Hitler admits it—that Germany is not united. The people have been disillusioned. The Army has suffered severe shocks which have put an unbearable strain on its loyalty. Soon the Nazis will start to quarrel among themselves.

Knowledge

ONE thing is certain. The German generals, and those civilians who supported them, would not have contemplated revolt, even against Hitler, unless they were certain that Germany's position was hopeless. After five years of war, some of them, at least, were in a position to know the military strength and prospects of their country. They must have known, too, something of the most secret Nazi plans, including the possibility of any secret weapon which the devil-minded scientists of Germany had conceived. Obviously they can have had no faith in the knowledge at their disposal. They must have known that nothing

—not even secret weapons—could save Germany this time. This time! I don't believe any of these revolting Germans were interested in the fate of Londoners, of Russians, Czechs, Poles, Americans, Frenchmen, Italians, or Dutchmen and Belgians. They wanted to save themselves and Germany in order to fight again in a third world war. But what they have done, and for this we should be grateful, they have emphasized the real disunity of Germany, and the hollowness of Nazi boasts, and Hitler's intuitions. It cannot be long before Hitler replaces Mussolini as Europe's sawdust Caesar!

Farce

ALREADY there are signs that the so-called Military Court of Honour to try the revolting generals is nothing but a farce. The Army has refused to surrender its traditions to Hitler or Himmler. They insist on having their own representatives on this tribunal. So we see Keitel and von Runstedt sitting together to try men who are charged with "crimes" of which they cannot have been totally ignorant. Von Runstedt must be on this tribunal for one reason only, to whitewash the Army. His own record is not without blemish. Before the invasion of Normandy it was rumoured that he was associated with peace overtures to the Allies. After the invasion had succeeded—as he obviously thought it might succeed—he threw in his hand and resigned his command on grounds of ill health and age. In this fact alone we see the continuance of the struggle between the Nazis and the German army bosses.

Clash

CLEARLY civil war is coming in Germany. I can imagine that the fanatical Nazis will welcome it, for in this would be the logical end to their catastrophic failure. For Hitler it would be dramatic, grim and truly Wagnerian. But I cannot see Goering fighting on in discomfort and danger. The Nazi regime has



Pictures Taken During the King's Tour of Italy

On his second day in Italy the King visited Allied naval units in Naples Bay, and also inspected shore establishments in the area. He was accompanied by Admiral Sir John Cunningham, C.-in-C. the Mediterranean Fleet, and is seen here aboard a cruiser

When visiting the 8th Army Tactical Headquarters, His Majesty spent the night in a specially constructed caravan, and was photographed beside it with Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, on whom earlier in the day he had conferred a knighthood

given him luxury and power, and as the dream fades Goering will assuredly aim at removing his bulky figure from the limelight of the Nazi stage. Ribbentrop's role is unpredictable. He is so blinded by the hate he conceived in London, and by so many failures since, that he may do anything, until his own stupidity crowns his criminal career. Himmler has shown his hand. He has striven several times to get peace—with Russia. He has failed. But his efforts have revealed the hopelessness that assails him. So we can assume that as his role of peacemaker ends—he may not have realized his failure yet—he will prefer a gangster's death.

Significant

"Auf wiedersehen" was all von Papen said on the railway station at Ankara. His mission to Turkey was ended, some say in failure. I believe in many respects that it had been a very successful mission for one whose career has been so chequered. By keeping Turkey out of the war all this time he managed to prevent an Allied front being opened in the Balkans. If his Nazi masters have any gratitude they will count this as a blessing now when all kinds of disasters crowd on them. Obviously von Papen did not expect any gratitude, for he omitted to give the loyal Nazi salute, "Heil Hitler." For this alone, as well as for other reasons, he might be expected to pay the maximum penalty. But for this final curtain to a remarkable career we must await events. In his own way von Papen has as much right as Hitler to believe in his destiny. So far he has been the luckiest of men. The difference between Hitler and von Papen is that this smooth, cultured, cunning German aristocrat has never publicly boasted of his luck nor has he deliberately overdrawn on his destiny. Just as significant is the fact that the Germans have not reacted, as once they would have done in fierce and wanton anger, to the break in diplomatic relations with Turkey.

Return

IT will not be long now before General de Gaulle will be back in France at the head of the French Committee of National Liberation, which is now accepted as the Provisional Government of France. Whether he will first take his Government to Rennes, as some expect, or wait until Paris is freed is a matter under discussion. Mr. Churchill's words of praise for General de Gaulle, and the courage which brought him to this country to continue the fight when France collapsed, in his recent speech in the House of Commons, were typical of the Prime Minister's warm nature. Mr. Churchill admitted that there had been differences between him and General de Gaulle, but indicated that in the hour of victory and on the eve of France's deliverance these were forgotten. For General de Gaulle these are dramatic days. His faith in France and her Allies is now being redeemed.

Peace

THERE are those who know Field-Marshal Mannerheim who believe that his election as President of Finland is the final word of the Finnish people. They want peace. They expect him to do all in his power to secure the end of hostilities and the best possible terms. Nobody can envy the aged field-marshal his task. Finland has, by her stubborn disregard of facts, nursed a strong national pride but at the same time forfeited the best bargaining position. She has also been foolish in listening to the idle boasts of the Germans who will now leave her in the lurch, as they will all who have suffered for Germany.

Forecast

RUMANIA is paying the price, and Bulgaria has deserved all Mr. Churchill's strictures. Hungary is suffering, and like Rumania and Bulgaria, would like to get out of the war quickly. But Hungary may yet have to suffer more for Germany. The Germans are expected to withdraw their troops from Rumania and



Killed on Operations

The death on active service of S/Ldr. Lord David Douglas-Hamilton was announced recently. He was the youngest brother of the Duke of Hamilton, and a noted athlete and mountain climber. He married in 1938 Miss Prunella Stack, who is so well known as the leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty. This drawing is by Olive Snell

Bulgaria and make Hungary their last bastion of defence on their Eastern front. If they do this, I shall be reminded of the prophecy of an old Hungarian gipsy who said as long ago as 1937 that the Germans would be finally defeated in the last big battle of the war at Cyegled, seventy miles south-west of Budapest. To this old lady the war of 1914 had not ended. It was a thirty years' war. She foresaw the interregnum from 1918, and asserted that fighting would be resumed in autumn, 1939!



His Majesty Visits Men of the Eighth Army

The King, in a car driven by Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, passed between lines of cheering troops of the 8th Army. Also in the car was Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, a noted tank expert, who commands an Army Corps in Italy



At a forward observation post north of Arezzo His Majesty watched British and German shells bursting in the target area. During his tour he covered hundreds of miles of the Eighth Army sector by road and by air, receiving a tremendous welcome everywhere

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Films

By James Agate

The *Story of Dr. Wassell* (Carlton) lasts too long and is about too many things. I am inclined to say that it is not a picture at all but a jumble. It relates how Dr. Wassell chucks his local practice because his farming patients insist on paying him in pigs instead of cash. How he goes to China and finds the germ of a new form of dysentery, but is forestalled by another doctor who makes the same discovery two days earlier. How he gets mixed up with the Japanese war which, incidentally, is proving a very godsend to Hollywood.

THE wounded sailors in this film are magnificent. In fact they are the film. And as far as I can make out their names are Dennis O'Keefe, Renny McEvoy, Oliver Thorndike, Elliott Reid, Melvin Francis, Paul Kelly and Philip Ahn. There are several women, and they are just an unmitigated nuisance.

I get tired of watching Laraine Day coyly peeping into a microscope to see if she can espy the carrier of the amoebic dysentery. Young women who take an interest in that sort of thing have faces like the backs of chairs and should be presented as such. I get even more tired of the young woman called Three Martini. Young damsels who are discovered in jungles, whether Javanese or any other kind, have the manners of wild cats, and if you gave them a cake of soap would probably eat it. Whereas Carol Thurston could walk into any cocktail bar in London without exciting comment. No, I don't much believe in the principals in this film. Which goes for Gary Cooper too. He ought to be a dull-looking man of sixty, whereas he is just the usual magnificent fellow in the early thirties about to win a baseball match with one hand and a civil war with the other. One of these days somebody will come along and insist that the principals in a film shall be as convincing as the subordinates. Gary Cooper is not nearly as "real" as Dennis O'Keefe, Elliott Reid or Paul Kelly. The proper thing to have done with the film in my view was to find out what bits Hollywood thinks the best, delete them, and reassemble the rest. Does Hollywood plead that its hospital nurses have to be glamorous, because all Hollywood actresses are glamorous? Very well, then, let them import a few English film-stars!

The *White Cliffs of Dover* (Empire) is based on a narrative poem by Alice Duer Miller, an American. We heard snatches of this poem at intervals and the synopsis cites this extract:—

I have loved England dearly, and dearly, too,
Husband and son;
Now at the end, I know they would have me do
What still must be done . . .

The chief merit of Miss Miller's poem would seem to lie in the almost childish simplicity of her language and in that love of monosyllables which has made the American language what it is. I say that a critic, even the least carping, might find in her story a hackneyed tale of overpowering sentimentality. Mush, if you also prefer a monosyllable.

ATALE about a small-town American girl (Irene Dunne) who comes over to England on a fortnight's holiday with her exceedingly small-town father (Frank Morgan). About her love for England and her love for an extraordinarily uninteresting young English

officer (Alan Marshall) whom she meets at a ball. About her packing her father back to the States, her marriage to the officer who is a baronet, about his being killed in the last war, about her son growing up and taking part in the present war. About her becoming matron of a coastal hospital, and how, by that long arm of coincidence dear to makers of films, the son is brought back not-too-badly wounded to this self-same hospital. And how baronet No. 2, hopefully on the way to recovery, is carefully tended by mother, and, we hope, nursed back to health in order to cheer his devoted parent's declining years.



Another of Dr. Wassell's nurses at the outpost clinic is Three Martini, a Javanese girl (Carol Thurston). Three Martini is devoted to her patients, particularly to one, Hoppy, for whom she gives a blood transfusion. In off-duty hours she amuses the boys with her native dances, a practice not approved of by Dr. Wassell

There is also a country girl lurking in the distance with whom he is in love and whom of course he will marry. At least Hollywood thinks he will. Actually English baronets do not marry the grubby girls who run about their farms. Both know their places, and a romp suffices. And that nice house in Kent—or is it Devonshire?—before the immensity of which Buckingham Palace must hide its diminished head, will be tenanted by a happy family once again, or so Hollywood says.

YES, you are right, reader; it's all as old as the hills. But what would you?—as the French say. A tale so full of family love, husband-and-wife love, child-love, must appeal to all those millions who have experienced the same losses, the same gains, the same hopes and disappointments. And it is very well done. There may be blemishes, of course. One may conceivably get a little tired of Irene Dunne's unceasing weeping, whether in sorrow or joy. One may wonder at that extraordinary

boarding-house in Bloomsbury where Irene and her father put up, where the lodgers dress for dinner, where in the hall they play a strange game of cards contrived for about eight people. Or that vista of a Bloomsbury street with its small houses covered with foliage, looking suspiciously like those semi-courtyard residences in Smitherville, Pa., or Jenkinstown, Mich., which we know so well. One might wonder why the rich young baronet, taking a young lady away from a ball at which he has met her for the first time, can find no better form of entertainment than sitting with her in a hansom cab overlooking the Embankment at three in the morning. Or does Hollywood think there were no night clubs in London before the last war?

BUT these are trifles. If you like a good, solid dollop of clean, honest sentiment, lots of tears with very little laughter, and everything very rich and elegant—notice the twenty-two footmen standing in two long rows on either

side, through which the guests pass on the way to the dance-room. Well, if you like two hours and twenty minutes of gilded splendour, then this is your cup of tea. Personally, I found it a little, I had nearly said, a great deal too long.

THERE is an expensive cast, Irene Dunne is always around and about, and there is some good acting. But one expects good acting from Gladys Cooper (as the first baronet's mother), from Dame May Whitty (as the family nurse) and from Sir Aubrey Smith (as the retired colonel who, apart from taking Irene to the ball, has nothing to do). Frank Morgan is, happily, always Frank Morgan. There is a lovely little bit of acting by Van Johnson as Irene's disappointed swain. And the best playing of all comes from Roddy McDowall as Little Lord Fauntleroy or somebody. Yes, go and see *The White Cliffs of Dover* by all means. But don't ask me why it isn't called *The Blue Blood of Kent*.



Dr. Wassell's early life was spent in China. Here he spent many hours in his laboratory searching for the carrier of amæbic dysentery helped by a Red Cross nurse, Madeleine (Gary Cooper, Laraine Day)

"The Story of Dr. Wassell"

Gary Cooper Portrays On The Screen
The Real Life Story of Dr. Corydon
M. Wassell of Little Rock, Arkansas

● *The Story of Dr. Wassell* has been produced and directed by Cecil B. DeMille and is based on the story of Dr. Wassell as first told to the world on April 28, 1942, by President Roosevelt. The story can be most briefly told in the President's own words. Dr. Wassell "is a simple, modest, retiring man, nearly sixty years old . . . He was assigned to duty in Java, caring for wounded officers and men . . . who had been in heavy action in the Java seas. When the Japanese advanced across the island Dr. Wassell remained with these men knowing that he would be captured by the enemy. But he decided to make a desperate attempt to get the men out of Java. He first had to get them to the sea coast, fifty miles away . . . the men were suffering severely . . . he kept them alive by his skill and inspired them by his courage . . . Dr. Wassell was almost like a Christ-like shepherd devoted to his flock." The film is now at the Carlton Theatre



After Pearl Harbour, Dr. Wassell is sent to Java, his duty being to care for wounded officers and men of the cruisers Houston and Marblehead. Here a Dutch nurse Bettina (Signe Hasso) works with him



The Japs land in great force on Java and hourly the planes come over and bomb the hospital. The patients are put under the beds. Finally Dr. Wassell gets the order to evacuate. With transport borrowed from a British mechanized unit, the doctor gets his wounded to the sea



He finds the last boat, a Dutch freighter, the Janssens, has already left the dock though she is still in harbour waiting for the storm to abate. Dr. Wassell manages to get his men out to the freighter in a small craft which is moored beside the dock

The Theatre

"Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?"

(Duke of York's)

By Horace Horsnell

THE question is rhetorical, and only a bear with a sore head would think of answering it seriously. Honeymoons in farce have a special licence. When the happy couple have weathered the confetti and are well started on their wild adventure, they are lucky if nothing more disreputable than an old shoe accompanies them. And when the flustered bridegroom happens to be none other than that past master in connubial finesse, Mr. Ralph Lynn, the bride is apt to have all her work cut out to keep pace with his flair for misadventure.

probability, and all such handicaps to the enjoyment of folly, should be discarded by the playgoer and left outside the farcical radius. On such occasions it is a case of laugh and the world laughs with you; scowl and you scowl alone.

Mr. Vivian Tidmarsh, the author of the play, moves with impudent ease through the thickets of farce. He does not litter the track with apologies for defying convention, but crashes his gates with glee, leaving Mrs. Grundy to turn in her grave from shock. The

wit of his dialogue may not cap Congreve's or outwit Wilde's, but it serves. And for me to labour the plot's hazards, or describe the narrowly averted catastrophes and the show-down that has perforce to furnish the happy ending, would be to make barren mountains of those molehills which Mr. Lynn scales with such delectable élan.

You know the zest with which hope and fear chase each other over those ingratiatingly fatuous features, the speed with which he changes from grave to gay, with or without the least encouragement; the resourcefulness, times almost approaching sagacity, with which that stunned mind and those too optimistic wits evade disaster, and the situation is saved, as it were, by the skin of its disarming teeth.

All these familiar delights are here, whipped into farcical frenzy by vicissitude, Mr. Lynn's finesse, and the cheerful collusion of Miss Stamp-Taylor. Changes are even rung on that old carillon, the bedroom scene, which takes a tip from the expressionists and kills two abortive nocturnes with one stage set. This shows us the disordered night passed by two embarrassed couples in adjoining bedrooms—the blue and the pink—and the lengths to which, in the cause of farce, unconventionality and intimate embarrassment will go.

THE standard by which farce should be judged is less æsthetic perhaps than laughable. Few pleasures are more ephemeral than that which farce affords. Present mirth has indeed present laughter, and its cause is shy of being estimated in cold blood. Here the deft technique of Mr. Lynn, and the game support given him by his colleagues are rewarded with generous laughter. Mr. Lynn has directed the production himself, and the master touch is evident. The text is tactfully treated, and its scoring by the players is touched with interpretative virtuosity. Real life would repudiate much that is said and even more that is done; but it is the prime service of farce to defy the limitations of life and the frowns of prudery. Above all, farce needs an audience to play its all-important part. Mr. Lynn, Miss Stamp-Taylor, and the other members of an expert team make the task of the audience easy.



Between the devil and the deep . . . Husband Ralph Lynn attempts to explain to Wife No. 2 (Faith Rogers) the unaccountable presence of Wife No. 1 (Enid Stamp-Taylor), the lawyer (Vernon Kelso) and his clerk (Hubert Woodward)

As the hero of this unnerving matrimonial fracas, Mr. Lynn describes himself as a Mr. Vining, resident in Kent. And although the house to which he brings his bride has a blue chamber as well as the usual lounge hall, he is no Bluebeard. On the contrary; he fears, all too late, that he has inadvertently committed bigamy. This predicament, which the rules of farce forbid him to confide to the trim little wife he so gallantly lifts over the threshold, excites laughter rather than concern.

The most active intensifier of his distress is his supposedly divorced first wife, who pays the happy couple a high-spirited but definitely blackmailing visit. And since she is impersonated by Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor—than whom no man might hope for a more imperturbable partner in dire adversity, or a more implacable withholder of mercy—his predicament becomes as fantastic as funny.

It goes without saying that such impedimenta, as thinking-caps, prejudice in favour of workaday logic, undue regard for the laws of

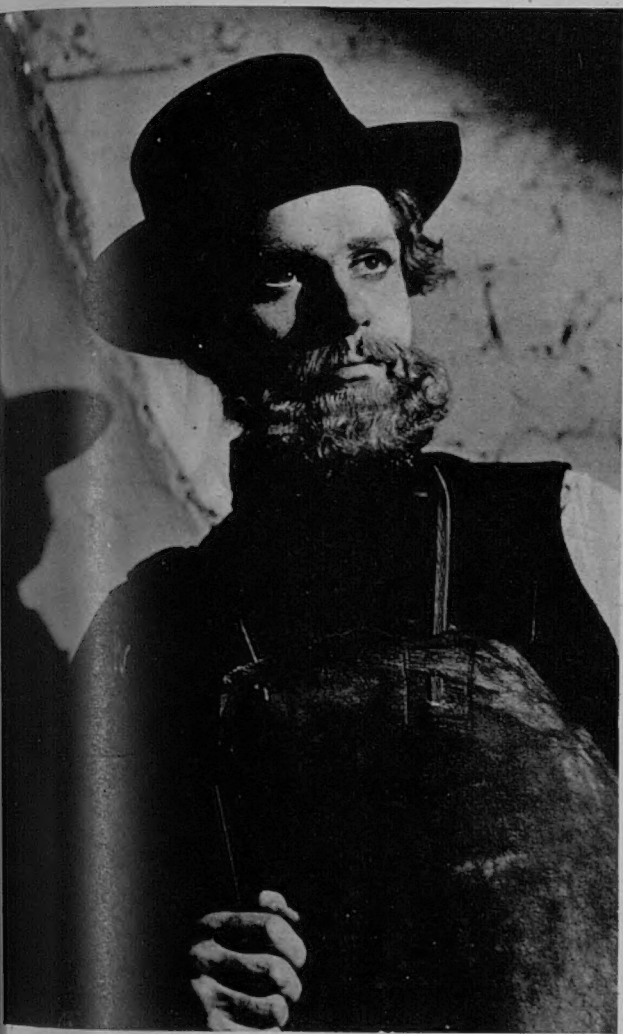


Sketches by
Tom Titt

Two minds with but a single thought . . . the lady's maid (Ann Wrigg) and the parlourmaid (Joan Button) dispute the rightful possession of the luggage under the helpless gaze of the family butler (Robert McLachlan)

The Old Vic at the New

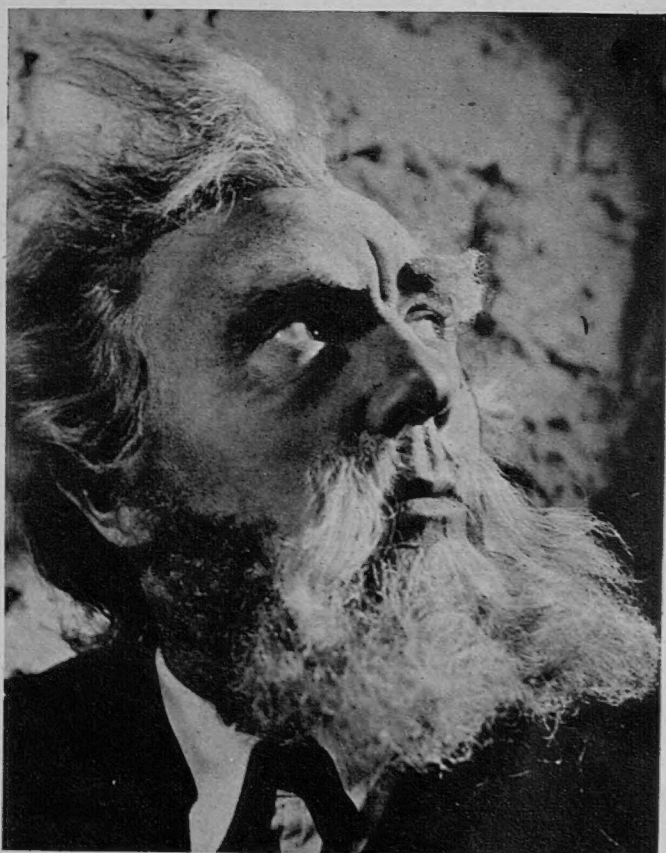
Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is to Open
the Season on August 31st



Laurence Olivier as the Button-Moulder



Sybil Thorndike as the Mother, with Ralph Richardson as Peer Gynt



Ralph Richardson as the Aged Peer Gynt

● **The Old Vic Company**, headed by Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier and Dame Sybil Thorndike, are to open a long season at the New Theatre on August 31st with a new translation by Norman Ginsbury of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. In the title role, Ralph Richardson has one of the longest and most arduous parts the theatre has to offer. Both he and Laurence Olivier will be making their return to the stage after an absence of more than five years. They have been released from the Fleet Air Arm not only to act, but, with John Burrell, to direct the newly formed Old Vic Company. The new Company intends to follow closely the tradition of the famous Old Vic and will present a repertory of distinguished plays, among them, immediately following the opening production, *Arms and the Man* and *Richard III*. Not only classics are to be performed, but new plays, one of the most interesting of which should be a play by James Bridie about Lancelot, the Knight of King Arthur's Round Table

Photographs by John Vickers

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Home Again

NO one who has had the privilege of meeting His Majesty since his return from Italy can have the slightest doubt that the King thoroughly enjoyed himself on his very strenuous twelve days among the Navy, Army and Air Force men in that theatre of war. Under his deep coating of sunburn, the King's face bore traces of travel fatigue when he stepped from the big R.A.F. Transport Command plane that had brought him non-stop from North Africa to an airfield in the Home Counties which is normally a very active station in the Air Defence of Great Britain organisation: nevertheless, within an hour or two, His Majesty was hard at work on State papers that had accumulated during his absence, and rounded off his return by entertaining the Prime Minister to lunch, and receiving members of the War Cabinet, who came to the Palace to convey the nation's thanks to the King for another fine job admirably carried out.

Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh, the Master of the Household, who went with the King as Equerry, looked a little thinner, probably as a legacy of the slight internal indisposition from which he and one or two others of the party suffered while they were away.

Birthday Celebrations

BY a happy coincidence, the day after His Majesty's safe return was the birthday of the Queen, who was born on August 4th, 1900. The anniversary was celebrated with a small family party at Buckingham Palace. The Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent visited Their Majesties and had lunch with them, and in the afternoon the King of Norway and the Crown Prince called.

Many hundreds of letters and telegrams

poured in from all parts of the Empire during the day. The King had brought his gifts home from Italy as well as small presents for his daughters—not too bulky or heavy in weight, for, like all other air travellers, His Majesty is restricted as to the weight and amount of luggage that can be carried with safety.

Country Holiday

IN the comparative lull that, even in wartime, follows on the rising of the House for the summer recess, the King and Queen are taking advantage of the absence of functions of a public character, and the greatly diminished flow of State documents and "boxes" from the Whitehall offices to the King's secretariat, to spend some time in the country—a set of circumstances that exactly fall in with His Majesty's personal wishes, for after any prolonged tour at high tension, like his Italian visit, the King likes more than anything, as a complete change and relaxation, to leave town, get out into the country, preferably with a gun, and spend long days out of doors.

This year, however, in view of the possibility, hinted at by the Prime Minister in his war review on the last day of the session, that the Houses of Parliament might have to be recalled in a hurry in the event of any unexpected development of the war situation, the King has given orders for special arrangements to be made to enable him to return to London with the minimum of delay should the necessity arise. While he is away, of course, he is still kept very closely in touch with all changes in the domestic and international situation so that he is always in a position to estimate very accurately the chances of a summons back to Westminster being issued to M.P.s, and can make his own plans in advance accordingly.



A Wedding in Cairo

Mr. Bernard Alexander Brocas Burrows, of the British Embassy, Cairo, and Mrs. Ines Buday were married at the British Consulate-General in Cairo. Their witnesses, seen behind, were S/Ldr. Lord Kinross and Mr. Robin Fedden



Exhibition Conversation

The Earl and Countess of Leicester, who live at Holkham, Norfolk, attended the Exhibition of Electrical Farming Equipment held at Fakenham. With them here is Mr. J. A. Keith, of West Barsham Hall, Norfolk



A Performer at Staines Horse Show

Mrs. 'D. R. Walker, on Polly, was a competitor in one of the events at Staines Horse Show held recently. Her companion on foot is Miss Jose Dennistoun-Webster. Mrs. Walker was Diana Barnato, and was married earlier this year to W/Cdr. Derek Ronald Walker, D.F.C.

Swade



Dudley, Derby

Country Christening

The second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harrington was christened Avena Margaret Clare at Elvaston Church not long ago. Lord Harrington married in 1942 the only daughter of the late Sir John Foley Grey, Bt.



Dudley, Derby

At the Derby Red Cross Carnival

The Marchioness of Hartington, seen here with the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire and the Mayoress of Derby, made her purchases at one of the stalls at the Derby Red Cross and St. John Carnival. She was Miss Kathleen Kennedy before her marriage this year to the Duke of Devonshire's elder son

Interesting Engagement

THE news of the engagement of Miss Rosemary Nevill to Major Sir John Brooke will be received with great interest in Kent and Sussex, where the bride-to-be is very well known. It did not come as a great surprise to her many friends, as the young couple had known each other for many years, and were often to be seen together at point-to-points and race meetings in pre-war days.

Miss Nevill has been serving in the W.R.N.S., but unfortunately she had an accident to her back and has since had to give up her duties in that service. She is one of a family of four very pretty fair-haired sisters who have been doing their bit in this war. Her eldest sister, Joan, the widow of Charles Field-Marsham, who was in the Life Guards, is farming very successfully in Northamptonshire on the farm run by her late husband before the war; another sister, Mrs. Ruby Urquhart, is a driver in the F.A.N.Y. She has been in the service a long time, but up to date has refused a commission, as she wants to go overseas as a "driver" with our forces when the time comes and hopes her wishes will be fulfilled shortly. The other sister is an officer in the W.R.N.S. Their only brother, Michael, was killed in action with his regiment, the Scots Guards.

Miss Nevill, who is a niece of the present Marquess of Abergavenny, and a kinswoman of the Marquess of Camden, lives at West Malling, in Kent. Her fiancé, who is a Major in the Lovat Scouts, is the eldest son of the late Sir Robert Brooke and Lady Brooke. His home is in Ross-shire.

Immaculate Travellers

IN spite of the terrific crowds travelling, the crush and the acute discomfort of it all, there seem to be some people who always succeed in looking chic and composed. At one of London's busiest stations on a hot day and in a very crowded train I saw the Countess of Kenmare, widow of journalist Viscount Castle-rosse, who was a striking figure with her lovely grey hair and wonderful colouring, and immaculate in a navy and white suit with lovely sapphire and diamond clips at the neck of her snow-white blouse. She was accompanied by her two small terriers and seemed to be quite unperturbed by the crowds and the long journey which lay ahead of her.

The next day, also looking very chic in navy blue, was Mrs. Henry Garnett, who boarded a train at Birmingham with her two young children, Sarah and John, to go to the sea in North Wales. Her husband, Major Henry Garnett, one of the tallest officers in the British Army, who was in the Household Cavalry, is now doing a staff job in Normandy. Mrs. Garnett also has

a brother in the Household Cavalry Regiment; she is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, of Thorpe Satchville.

Bank Holiday Fair

LORD and Lady Vansittart again lent their lovely home, Denham Place, for a "Fair" on August Bank Holiday, to benefit the
(Concluded on page 216)



The Hon. Mrs. Chippindale

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Ritchie, of Dundee, who was married last year to Major W. A. M. Chippindale, The Worcestershire Regiment, works for the Red Cross and the W.V.S.



Yevonde

Mother and Son

Mrs. Francis Scott is seen here with her son, Lt. John Clerc Scott, a French fighter-pilot serving with an R.A.F. squadron. He was recently decorated for conspicuous gallantry

"Keep Going"

A New Musical Brings Back the Old Sparkle to the London Theatre World



Phyllis Monkman makes a welcome return to the West End stage in this new revue. Dear to all Co-optimist and Charlot's Revue fans, she will undoubtedly be given a great welcome to-morrow night



Lulu Dukes is one of the younger members of the "Keep Going" company. Here she is in her solo number "Chapeaux"



"Memory Knocks at the Door" brings Betty Astell on to the stage with a lyric of her own creation



Betty Astell also wrote the lyric of "Music in the Moonlight," in which Roberta Huby dances with Guy Fielding



"Farmer's Glory," a sketch by Nicholas Phipps, brings together the two stars of the show, Phyllis Monkman and Cyril Fletcher

Without waiting for the "better days" which Mr. Churchill promises us in the not-too-distant future, Mr. J. W. Pemberton is bringing his new revue *Keep Going*, written, devised and composed by Betty Astell, to the Palace Theatre to-morrow night. Under the title *Ili!* the show has had great successes on its preliminary canter in the provinces, and if it lives up to its reputation should do much to counter the rather gloomy, empty look of theatreland to-day. The production is by Charles Hickman and the dances by George Carden, both of whom collaborated in another of Mr. Pemberton's productions, *Sweeter and Lower*, which still successfully draws crowded audiences to the Ambassadors Theatre. In private life, of course, Betty Astell is Mrs. Cyril Fletcher. They were together in Firth Shephard's *Magic Carpet*, and are already well-known partners on the air. In off-duty hours they practise farming in a small way at Heath Lodge, their home in Hertfordshire

Photographs by
Alexander Bender



Laidman Browne contributed this little number which he has called "Radio Agincourt." In a setting reminiscent of the King's tent on the battlefield, Billy Tasker and Cyril Fletcher get together



Inter-Family Trouble seems to threaten in "Violetta," in which Betty Astell, Billy Tasker, Cyril Fletcher and Phyllis Monkman co-operate



"Gone to Ground" provides an up-to-the-minute comedy. Cyril Fletcher, Billy Tasker and Phyllis Monkman fill in the shelter hours

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT recent report on the Public Schools recommending that they should be thrown open to everybody (which after all was the original intention of Eton and the other medieval foundations) caused us to run through two of our bedbooks, the Newgate Calendar and its fascinating companion-volume, *Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals* (1735), to see how the chaps showed up at Tyburn in a more democratic age.

Under Anne and George I the Public Schools, not yet a close corporation, did not do so badly, as every cricketer will agree. Two Old Etonians at least were hanged as highwaymen, Mr. William Parsons, an Oppidan, who began by stealing a Homer at school, and Mr. Lumley Davis, a King's Scholar. Mr. John Gillingham, who held up the Earl of Scarborough's sedan one night in Piccadilly and shot the chairmen, was an Old Westminster. The school of another Tyburn ace, Mr. John ("Civility") Turner, is not mentioned, but he was an obvious Wykehamist, practising the High Toby on the Great West Road with all the grace and charm of a Macheath and never holding up the Bath coach without winning compliments for

... great Gentlenefs and Good Manners, putting his Hat into the Coach and taking what Money they thought fit to give him—nay, sometimes returning. Part of it, if the Drefs and

Aspect of the Person gave him Room to suspect that their Wants were as great as his own.

No Harrovians are in the list. Maybe they were all in the City.

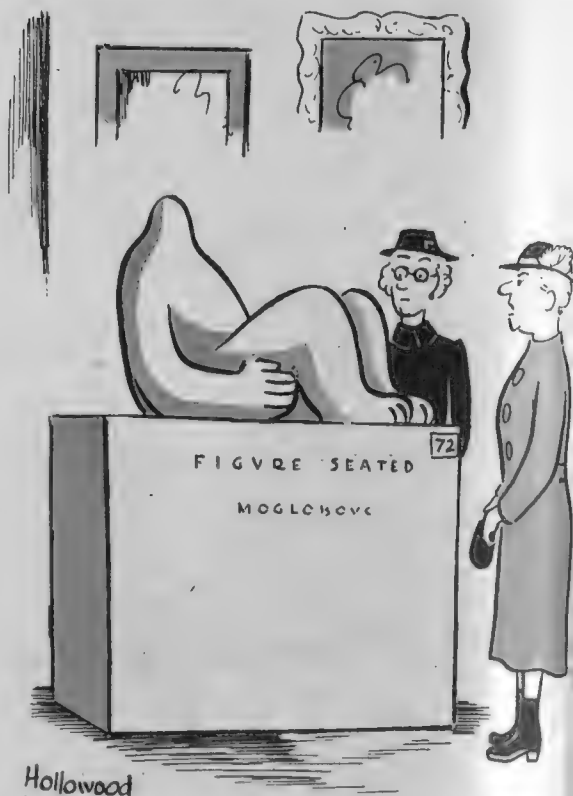
Point

AMONG the grammar-school products hanged were Mr. Robert Haynes, Guardsman, a ripe classical scholar who kissed a passing lady in the Park and ran her angry escort through the body, and Mr. Timothy Benson, highwayman and quack. And the point is that only one of these chaps had parents who could possibly have afforded modern Public School or even grammar-school fees. So (as the little actress said to the Commissioner of Drains) what?

Yahoodom

THAT German Army order warning the troops to withdraw from Florence without murder, loot, rapine, and other routine activities of the Herrenvolk was doubtless more than welcome to the myriad cultured British spinsters who live frugally in Florentine pensions and boarding-houses.

This legion of spinsters has provoked a few British literary tourists (e.g. Arnold Bennett) to more or less catty comment.



"I should think it would be quite easy to keep clean"

Norman Douglas, once tempted to begin a study called *The Pension-Cats of Europe*, decently tore it up, realising that these ladies have a perfect right to live as they please and are "not nearly as ridiculous as many married couples outside boarding-houses," which is accurate. The urge to deride them comes, we guess, from those brutal anti-spinster japes in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, which so enthrall the Race. Gilbert's recurring jokes on this topic are sadistic and indefensible, and we've often felt like socking the pop-eyed dopes who applaud them. Medieval chivalry, which would regard Gilbert as a howling savage, did not doom elderly spinsters to a starved and lonely existence, but gave them a communal home and purpose in nunneries. The least modern literary prigs can do is to refrain from gibes, one feels.

Challenge

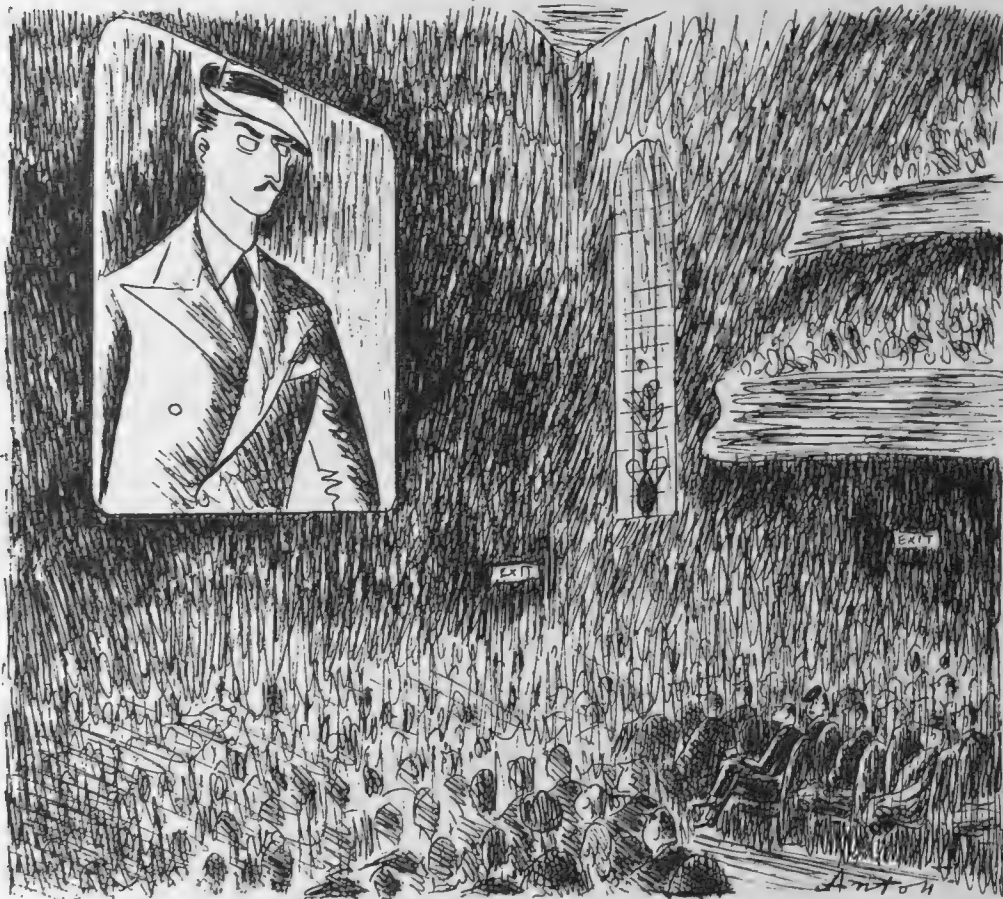
ANY P.E.N. Club boys in the house? An Old Uncle Cheeriboy is in fighting mood this morning. Only one stipulation—each literary boy will have to hold half-a-crown in each clenched fist, like the 18th-century ladies who fought for money at Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell. This is to prevent scratching.

Lull

OUR favourite Nature boy, we noted, did not perform last month to any extent, having apparently exhausted pro tem. every Arcadian topic, flowers, fruits, dumb chums, and birdies. As if these were all Dame Nature, D.B.E., has to offer her devotees in a wet July!

If the Nature racket were ours we'd never be at a loss for a fragrant piece on some familiar aspect of English country life—ploughing, blackmail, sowing, arson, reaping, bigamy, mowing, manslaughter, and a dozen more. In most rural areas July is the month for hay, late roses, and anonymous letters. Like the roses, the letters are mostly wild, written in an angular sloping

(Concluded on page 206)



"Funny—I always pictured Ramon Delany as a much larger man"



Mr. C. O. Tuckey, a former International player, bought a programme, on his arrival, from two Red Cross nurses

Opponents in the men's singles were E. J. Filby (left), who played a match against H. Billington, of Canada (right)

Lawn Tennis for Charity



Mr. S. N. Carter, secretary of the Club, escorted Viscountess Frankfort and the Hon. Mrs. Whittaker to their seats

Well-known players took part in the exhibition matches played at the West Hants Lawn Tennis Club, Bournemouth. The proceeds went to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund

The Ladies' Doubles in Progress



Four Canadian players were Mrs. Martin, S/Ldr. W. M. Martin, Mrs. M. Sayers and Henry Billington



Miss Jean Nicol (Mrs. Bostock) and Miss K. Stammers (Mrs. Mensies) went on to the courts with Mr. Nigel Sharpe, the hon. match organiser

Standing By ...

(Continued)

hand showing anxiety-hysteria, and accusing half the village of nameless crimes. You City slickers, we understand, make a fearful fuss and willywha over getting letters of this kind. We hayseeds don't mind, and anyway most of the charges are true, or near enough. If it wasn't Joe Mangles who pushed Fat Ivy Wockitt down the well it was Joe's brother Sam who laid Old Man Wockitt out with a halftan sack of swedes. If the Vicar hasn't got three wives, Ted Rumpole and one or two other rude four-flushers of the hamlet probably have. And if it wasn't Mrs. Gumble's Rosie who was raising Cain last Tuesday night it was some other injured rural menace with a tumbled perm. As the poet said:

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray.
And if some teasing Sweetheart earn'd the Knife,
That Baby got it socko, right away.

Nature—pooh! The boys don't tell you half of it, believe you us.

Jape

IF the Germans are practising with flying bombs on the Swedes, as Auntie Times has alleged, it is probably just one of those typical Nordic jokes, like the one that drove the great Swede Strindberg crazy.

Strindberg, as Osbert Sitwell recalled recently, was plagued mysteriously by falling sponges and picture-frames, ringing bells, lost collar-studs, and so forth. Electric door-bells were worst, because every time Strindberg went to the door there was nobody there. He put it down—half mad with rage—to Fate, but as there is no such thing as Fate it must have been somebody playing a witty joke on him, some local Rochefoucauld, Voltaire, or Wilde. It doesn't take many years for the average Nordic to see a joke, but Strindberg was too angry by nature to try. Maybe towards August 1958 a lot of Swedes will suddenly start roaring with laughter in their baths, or halfway through using one of the five telephones every Swede possesses. This kind of conversation will ensue:

"What is Hjalmar laughing at?"
"It must be a joke!"
"It is probably that amusing situation in 1928 when Mrs. Hagberg took Pastor Kronk's goloshes by mistake!"
"He says it is the flying bombs of 1944!"
"The German bombs? Were they a joke?"
"Hjalmar says so!"
"Oh, they were a joke?"

Everybody starts laughing then, and Ingeborg asks Hjalmar to explain, but Hjalmar says it's impossible to explain—it's just one of those subtle ironic jests Nordics enjoy among themselves (like the old Prussian cadet-school-gymnasium joke of breaking a new-comer's leg). Laugh! Well, there.

Balloon

STILL interested in weary-puss Franz von Papen, German Ambassador to Turkey, a special correspondent reported lately that he had made "a face-saving appearance" in Ankara's fashionable restaurant, with several of the Embassy staff.

This involves what the Foreign Office calls a *ballon d'essai*. Most *ballons d'essai* used in London are pink, blue, or gilt, and the restaurant management serves them out after dinner to make everybody feel jolly and to hit adjacent girls with. Diplomats hit girls—and are hit by them—in this manner with an exquisitely non-committal air, remembering Talleyrand's test of a true diplomat, namely that when he receives an unexpected kick in the black silk breeches his face shows no expression whatsoever. At the same time they know that G67 dropped the sealed packet off the Orient Express at Milestone 188 on the Czech-Hungarian frontier-line at 2205 hrs. that night, because the tiny laughing blonde in green to the right of the band has just punctured their sixth balloon with a goldtipped Turkish cigarette, at the same time lowering her left eyelid half an inch and making the Indian Sign. This saves their face, though for whom or what they



"Permission to grow, Sir?"
"You need it"

would be puzzled to tell you. Maybe for collectors of Benda masks?

Change

IT seems that an entire village in Norfolk was sold recently and the local serfs have only just learned who their new squire is. A gift to the drama boys, we thought.

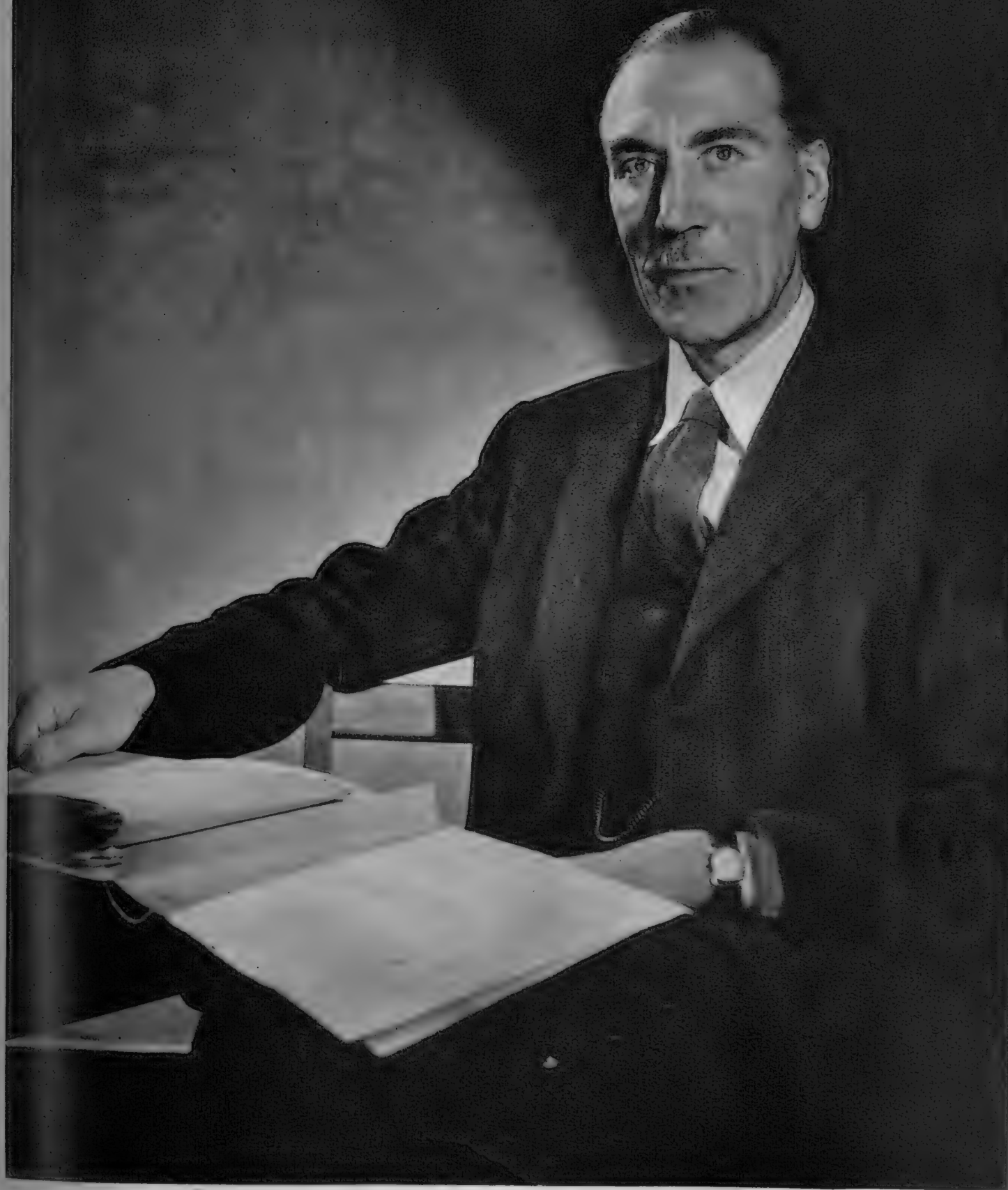
A village which changes hands in the market like that might be full of curses and blubbering maidens in sprigged muslin within a week, or it might equally be full of blessings, soup, and blankets. Squire Western and his drunk friends might be galloping the serfs down, or kind Squire Allworthy might be handing out flannel and dowries. If the advowson goes with the sale, gentle Parson Andrews might be leaning benignly over the vicarage gate one morning or vile Parson Trulliber might be stamping round raising merry hell. You'd have to wait for a snowfall to find out what the new squire was really like at home, probably; that is to say, whether he turned his erring daughters out ruthlessly at Christmas or gave them a handful of guineas out of the old oak chest.

The most terrible kind of new squire, any village could possibly have, if you ask us, is Squire Jolliboy, the squire who thinks up all the seasonable jokes and problems and conundrums at Merrythought Hall in the Christmas coloured supplements. That noisy red-faced Dickensy menace can never let his guests alone, even if they're half-dead of that feverish stuffing which is the *raison d'être* of the modern British Christmas. They're always (if you observe) too soggy with food and drink to up and crack him one. Maybe they daren't, even normally, since his real name is probably Weisenheimer.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis,



"I'm the queen of the castle, Mr. Murgatroyd, and you're the dirty rascal"



Mr. H. A. Jones, C.M.G., M.C., Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry

Mr. H. A. Jones was appointed to his present post in January this year, succeeding Viscount Stansgate. Official air historian during the last war, he served in the Army and the R.F.C., was wounded and awarded the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre with Palm. Invalided home, he then qualified as an air navigator instructor, and served as an instructor at schools of aeronautics. After the Armistice Mr. Jones served in the historical section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and was appointed Director of the Air Branch in 1920. On the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, when one volume of the *Official History of the War* had been completed, he took over the work, compiling the remaining five volumes. In January 1936, he became Librarian and head of the Air Historical Branch at the Air Ministry. Since the war he has held appointments in Ottawa, with the United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission, and in Washington with the R.A.F. Delegation. He holds the acting rank of Assistant Under-Secretary of State, and last year was awarded the C.M.G. for his services.

A Young Dancer of the Sadler's Wells

Margaret Dale is One of the Brilliant Young Soloists who Contribute so Much to the Success of the Sadler's Wells



Margaret Dale as The Attendant Spirit in "Comus," a masque in one act after Milton with choreography by Robert Helpmann. Her costume was designed by Oliver Messel



A Very Charming Portrait of the Young Soloist in the Costume She Wears in

School

ists Who
Company



Photographs by
Anthony

In "A Wedding Bouquet," Margaret Dale has the role of The Bride—a role which gives every opportunity for the dancer to display her piquant sense of humour and characterisation

● Margaret Dale joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet School in 1936, after early training in her home town of Newcastle. She soon graduated into the Company and had her first solo as The Child in *The Emperor's New Clothes*, in which she electrified both audience and critics alike by speaking the lines "... but he has no clothes." In 1938 she danced the role of Pépé, Julia's Dog in *A Wedding Bouquet*, and it is this Ashton-Berners ballet which now provides her with her major part—that of The Bride. During the past few years Margaret Dale has developed into an excellent classical dancer; she has quality, speed, a strong sense of style and an excellent line. Her chief classical roles now include *The Bluebird*, *The Sugar Plum Fairy* in *Casse Noisette* and *The Attendant Spirit* in *Comus*



A Close-up of the Dancer in "Comus" Costume



Lady Cottenham with Her Youngest Daughter, Gillian



In the Cornfield

The Cottenhams at Home

With Their Three Little Girls, Marye,
Davina and Gillian

● The Earl and Countess of Cottenham live in Hertfordshire with their three small daughters. Lord Cottenham, who succeeded his brother in 1943, is chairman and managing director of Barkers Contractors, Ltd., one of the largest firms of industrial caterers. He married the only daughter of the Marquess of Abergavenny. Lady Cottenham is Vice-President of the British Red Cross Society in Hertfordshire, and works regularly at Bishop's Stortford Hospital

Photographs by Compton Collier



The Earl and Countess of Cottenham and Their Children



Major Underdown Wins His First Flat Race in America

Major Edward Underdown, Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, realised his ambition to ride in a flat race in America when he won a mile race at Middleburg, Virginia on Mrs. J. T. Skinner's Carteret. He had won a number of flat races in England before the war

Mrs. Skinner congratulated Major Underdown on riding her horse to victory and received the plate from Mr. Winmill. On her left is Mr. Jack Skinner, who trained the winner. Major Underdown is instructor at a U.S. Service school in Meridian, Mississippi

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Suits Us!

HEINZ LIEBSCHER, one of Herr Doktor Göbbels' foremost litterateurs, says (under instruction):

There is no "honourable capitulation" for us in this war, only a struggle to the last breath. The road to Germany is over our dead bodies.

Wir sind sehr zufrieden!—and, in our own tongue, I add: "And the more the better!" The world has stood the Germanic tribes for over 2000 years. To continue to stand them for even another 2000 seconds would be crass stupidity on the part of humanity at large.

Futures

As a pleasing variant to the present favourite topic of conversation, let us talk about how we are going to take some money out of our friends, "The Enemy," in the back-end of this season. As usual a holiday, which our overworked friend, the Printer, insists upon having, cramps the style of anyone who has to do with an illustrated journal, but as none of the futures of any real importance happens until September and October, a little breathing-space is afforded one. The 5 furlong Nunthorpe Stakes, it is true, is run on August 30th, but as I have always found it difficult to work up any wild enthusiasm over sprint racing, I am not greatly interested. I am sure that there is far too much of it, and that it is the prime cause of the famine in stayers. Jumping out of the gate and trying to break a minute for 5 furlongs must devour nervous energy. Anything might win this Nunthorpe, and it would not surprise me if either Uva or Tipstaff did, with Sugar Palm and Miss Dorothy Paget's Selected as competitors for the remaining places. The Champion Stakes, September 26th, being only 1½ miles, is not much better than a glorified sprint and no stamina test whatever. It is quite likely that Abbots Fell will win it. His stable companion, Rockefeller, presumably will have run in the Leger on September 16th, and so they are not likely to pull him out again so soon, and, anyway, I should prefer Abbots Fell over this distance.

I do not suppose that Happy Landing will run if his main target is still the Leger; I should, however, give him a better chance in the Champion Stakes.

The Two-Year-Olds' Derby

THE Middle Park is run on September 27th, the day after the Champion, and any interest it may have held has been lessened by the absence of the young ladies of high degree, Sun Stream and Fille du Regiment. A meeting between them and the flying Dante would have been a fight well worth seeing. Now this race

looks to be an absolute gift to this speedy colt, who, after losing at least three lengths at the start of the Coventry Stakes run on Derby day, won by four with his mouth open. If he wins the Middle Park, he will at once peg out a claim for favouritism in next year's Derby, and then everyone will at once start wrangling about whether such a streak of lightning can possibly stay. He covered the 5 furlongs in the Coventry Stakes, according to the official time, in 59½ secs. and he had 9 st. on his poor little two-year-old back. He is by a sire of Italian extraction, Nearco, out of Rosy Legend by Dark Legend, and some people have already started to cast aspersions. He may be all that the gentleman from Alghieri was in the way of virtue, or he may be designing to lead us all into an Inferno. Orestes, whose prototype was a distinctly villainous person, got a lot of us into a tangle by winning last year's Middle Park in the manner of a racehorse, so, perhaps, we ought not to be in too great a hurry this time. Dante can gallop fast enough to catch pigeons, and he looks the part, but that is as far as one nigger means to go until this nice colt has given us

(Concluded on page 212)



Mrs. Barker's Young Ladies Perform for the R.A.F.

This photograph shows members of Mrs. Cyril Barker's concert-party in one of their turns during a performance for an R.A.F. unit in the Middle East. Mrs. Barker, who lives in Alexandria, started her concert-party in October 1939, and for a whole year it was the only one to tour the Middle East. It has now given over 400 performances, and is enormously popular with members of all three Services

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

some assurance that, besides being shod with fire, he can travel the long road. The Jockey Club Cup, 2½ miles, is so far ahead (October 10th) that we can afford to sit on the splice for a bit. After that gallant performance in the Gold Cup, I should like to see Bright Lady win it. Some of the Leger brigade are engaged in this race—Ocean Swell, Tehran, Borealis, to wit—so perhaps we shall be wiser if we haud oor whisht and see how things shape. I do not think that I see any great chakus (our "shakes" descends from this Persian) in the whole fleet of them!

Horse Sense

THE learned Justices of the Court of Appeal in a recent case may have done steeple-chase jockeys, and some others who have to "do with horses," a very good turn, by reinstating a plaintiff, who had been a sufferer from the torts committed by a runaway horse, in the position of a creditor for damages against the owners of the animal. The Court of First Instance had said that the plaintiff, a carter, whose duty it was, stated with that succinctness and clarity, upon which the law prides itself, "to drive a cart" (not, be it noted, a fire-engine, a motor-bike, or even a flock of sheep), was not entitled to a verdict, because, as a servant carrying out his duties, he had done so voluntarily, and the learned judge quoted the legal maxim *volenti non fit injuria*; in other words, that it was his own something funeral! But it transpired that, so far from being "willing," the plaintiff had made a strong remonstrance, and no doubt told the defendants' foreman in language of suitable vehemence that the something something was fond of running away, and that he did not like the idea. The foreman said "Boss's orders!" or words to that effect. Now it seems to me that in this decision of the Appeal Court may reside some germs of comfort for jockeys (paid or unpaid) who are told by owners: "Now, don't you listen to all the lies as you have been told about this 'oss! Just ride 'im a bit jolly and you're as good as home and dry!" And when the jockey is lifted out of the cold-meat van, barely conscious, he hears the owner saying something about what he (the corpse) "didn't or hadn't ought to have done," and that it wouldn't have happened



School Cricket Match: Marlborough v. Rugby

R. C. Champion and M. W. Jeffreys are seen going in to bat for Marlborough in their match against Rugby



Here are W. S. Wardill and M. M. Morton, two of the Rugby batsmen. Wardill made 73, not out

if he hadn't, "for a better jumper never looked through a blinkin' bridle, and next time I'll have a man on him and not an asterisk monkey!"

It is suggested that here also the same relation of master and servant obtains as in the case of that carter who drove a cart, and that the old maxim quoted above is also not applicable. The only difference is that the jockey did not know that the animal preferred to take his fences by the roots instead of going over the top.

If...

IF Hamlet had married the bloody-minded Lady Macbeth is a breath-taking thought induced by a recent theatrical critique, in which a celebrated actor was praised with faint damns for being Hamlet, when, as a matter of actual fact, he was manfully endeavouring to persuade

the audience that he was playing Macbeth. The little slip of the pen upon the part of the genius who puts the headlines on theatrical dissertations opens up an intriguing vista of speculation. Supposing Hamlet had married Lady Macbeth, how long would he have lasted? Not very long, according to my computation upon the disclosed facts. Why, she even considered the "Hell-Hound" rather a sissy! Let us recall that she said: "Give me the daggers!"

To carry things a bit further, supposing Juliet had gone to Friar Lawrence's cell with Sir Andrew Aguecheek or Touchstone, what a very different ending there might have been to the "Verona incident." Similarly, I shudder to think of what might have transpired if Rosalind had married the Melancholy Jacques. She would have made him sit up, and I am sure that he would have ended up at least sans teeth. Finally, if Falstaff had married Cleopatra...



Radley Beats Major F. T. Day's Army XI.

Radley XI., seen above, beat Major F. T. Day's team by 54 runs. They had previously beaten Stowe and Eastbourne and lost to Eton and Bradfield. In front: J. D. Hudson, R. E. Reid. Sitting: M. C. Robinson, R. C. Wheeler-Bennett, D. E. Mathews (captain), C. S. Cheshire, J. C. Woolton. Standing: D. C. H. C. Bognis (cricket master), D. Bennett, S. M. Boosey, P. D. Gardiner, R. M. de la Hay, P. Mills (coach), D. L. Kirkconnel (scorer)

Major F. T. Day's Army XI. made 69 runs to Radley's 123. They had already defeated The Royal Engineers and Oxford Police and tied with St. Edmund Hall. In front: W. Addison, J. Henderson. Sitting: Capt. W. Tibbham, Major W. J. Cragg, Major F. T. Day (captain), Major L. Ryley, Capt. Crowther. Standing: S. Law, H. Allcock, H. Beeson, J. South, G. Lampitt, H. Lunn, R. Pusey

D. R. Stuart

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Flying Instructors at a Royal Naval Air Station

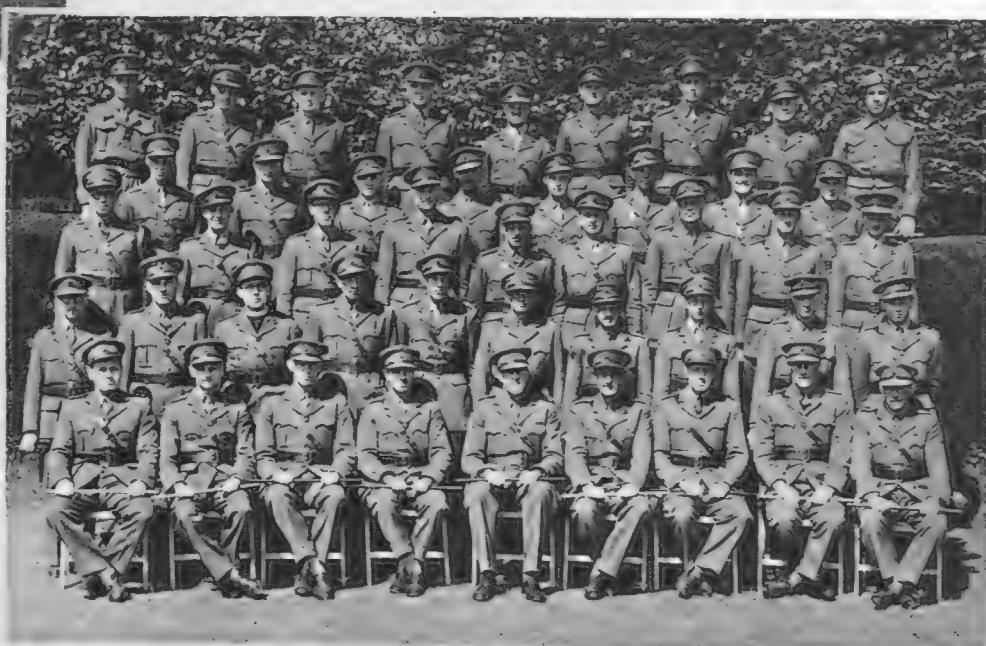
Sitting: Lts. (A.) Birse, D.S.O., R.N.R., (A.) Coxon, R.N., (A.) Suthers, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (A.) Thorpe, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. Norcock, R.N., Lts. (A.) Phillips, R.N., (A.) Sutton, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., (A.) Connolly, R.N.V.R. Standing: Lts. Murrice, R.N.R., (A.) Davies, R.N.V.R., (A.) Neville, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lts. (A.) Barr, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Elliot, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., (A.) Scott, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., (A.) Rose, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., Lt. (A.) Heath, R.N.

Right. Front row: Capt. C. H. B. Hancock, P. G. Whately Smith, Majors J. E. B. Duke, M. P. Concannon, M.C., a Lt.-Colonel, Majors E. F. Le Quesne, F. A. Primavesi, Capt. J. A. Holt, W. H. Irish. Second row: Lts. J. E. Nicholls, T. Wilson, Ch., 4th Cl. Rev. C. V. B. Haddelsey, Capt. H. P. E. Wilson, C. G. Neale, M.C., T. L. Greenshields, R. K. Keri, W. J. Fletcher, D. S. Clarke, P. E. H. Jones. Third row: Lts. K. Batty, H. F. K. Woods, P. H. Crook, 2nd Lt. D. P. McKay, Lts. H. A. Harris, T. E. Ward, A. Green, R. E. Wooster, A. D. Varley. Fourth row: Lts. P. G. B. Jackson, I. G. K. Williams, A. J. Townsend, R. D. Lamdin, I. A. Sutherland, P. S. Ost, W. E. F. Stockton, C. H. Thorne. Back row: Lts. G. A. Jackson, H. R. Heath, D. W. Allen and Lt. G. P. Elliott, Lts. R. A. Andrews, J. P. Newton, A. C. W. Chater, C. G. L. Cook, R.-S.-M. West



Officers of the R.A.C.

Front row: Capt. Murgatroyd, Capt. C. L. Newton-Thompson, Major F. G. Reynolds, Major A. C. Montgomery-Campbell, a Lt.-Colonel, Capt. D. R. H. Gardner, Major H. C. M. Tobia, Major L. Lusted, Major J. S. Gordon. Middle row: Lt. W. W. Burgess, Capt. J. F. Webb, M.C. (R.A.M.C.), Lt. M. Standage, Lt. F. E. Romer, Capt. S. W. Coombes (R.E.M.E.), Capt. and Q.-M. R. A. South, Lt. R. D. Holroyde, Lt. R. A. Human, Lt. S. N. Owen. Back row: Lt. A. H. Wood, Lt. D. M. Brookes, Lt. R. W. Hamilton, Lt. G. Douse, Capt. H. Hood, Lt. M. Gompertz, Lt. Valentine, Lt. H. Duncan, Lt. D. Dring, Lt. E. Xavier



Officers of a Field Regiment, R.A.



Officers at an R.A.F. Station in the North

On the ground: F/Os R. Sunter, E. A. Lawrence, A. K. Payne, F/Lts. H. Grime, W. C. Martin, F/O. W. L. Esler. Front row: S/O. D. M. Steele, Sister M. Browne, S/Ldrs. T. B. Purdy, E. A. F. Reeve, M. W. Horswill, J. Burr, H. C. Tallboy, W/Cdr. J. F. R. Eales-White, F/Lt. E. G. Barnard (Adj.), G/Capt. L. G. Nixon, W/Cdrs. M. H. T. Cooke, A. R. C. Young, S/Ldrs. H. M. Tyler, K. Turnbull, G. A. Farey, N. N. E. Bray, F/Off. N. A. Sapte, Sister M. E. Jones. Second row: Sister V., S/O. I. J. Lewis, F/Lts. S. J. Jury, E. R. Harries, P. A. Compeyron, J. Jowitt, I. Williams, J. W. E. Murray, W. B. Brown, S. Boddington, S. Foster Stringer, G. B. Kenster, F. W. Yates, C. O. R. Mosse, C. W. Hughes, A. B. Dawson, N. Duffy, Fr. B. C. Ellison, F/Lt. L. J. Hickman, S/Ldr. B. W. Whitlow, A/S/O. J. M. Maxwell. Third row: F/O. A. Davids, F/Lt. G. W. Bubb, F/O. M. Mackenzie, F/Lt. N. Whitehead, F/O. E. G. Thompson, F/Lts. D. Peters, G. E. Holroyd, F/O. E. G. Twining, F/Lt. L. H. Brown, F/O. H. Ashworth, F/Lts. J. Pattison, T. Duckett, F. Clarke, H. E. Hinchcliffe, I. M. Matheson. Fourth row: F/Lt. P. S. Ransom, F/O. H. S. Barker, R. H. Radcliffe, J. Watkinson, F/Lts. H. A. G. Warren, E. V. Pemberton, G. A. Weekes, F/O. J. H. Lee, P/Os J. Sadler, E. W. Richardson, F/O. H. W. Clark, F/Lt. T. Marsh, F/O. H. Birch, F/Lt. S. A. Walker. Back row: F/Lt. A. G. Hall, F/O. S. G. Crowe, C. H. Barber, G. H. Tringham, F/Lt. W. S. Magowan, F/Os D. H. Hobbs, H. Gilbert, F/Lt. C. Mansfield, F/Os C. Cartwright, W. E. Dyson, J. H. Maden, F/Lt. C. W. Masters, T. Rhys Davies

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Family Curse

THERE could not, you might imagine, be a more well-worn theme than that incorporating an ancient house, a family curse, a ghost. Yet round just such a theme Francis Bamford has built one of the most original novels I have read this year. *What Stranger Cause?* (Longmans; 8s. 6d.) has a compelling atmosphere that is quite its own. It is, I suppose, first of all a book for those who have a strong feeling, even passion, for houses, and who perceive the spell they cast over individual lives. I admit myself, as a reader, to be an excellent subject for Mr. Bamford's kind of imagination—I found nothing improbable in Julian Melsetter's subjection to his inheritance, Queen's Charity. On the other hand, those who regard great houses as anachronisms, and tradition as a disease to be stamped out, are free to enjoy *What Stranger Cause?* as a cautionary tale. For Julian's end, in the human sense, is a sad one.

The narrator is Nicholas Quoyers, contemporary, neighbour and close friend of Julian, eleventh Earl of Melsetter. Long Withern manor-house, Nicholas's own more modest inheritance, is some few miles from Queen's Charity, in South-West England. The two young men first meet in a London hotel while Julian is still Julian Cheverel, heir to an uncle who has refused to know or recognise him. For Julian (a bitter pill for the strongly Protestant Melsetters) is of his mother's religion, a Roman Catholic. It is only after his uncle's (the tenth Earl's) death that Julian first sees Queen's Charity—to become its for ever, and to fall, at the same time, under the influence of the strangely attractive ghost of a young man. Not until family documents have been searched is the identity of this ghost revealed.

Queen's Charity is very far from being the dark-avised, crabbled and cobwebbed "haunted manor" dear to popular fiction and Hollywood. Nicholas Quoyers gives his first, childish view of "the elaborate beauty of the great façade." No royal residence, he says:

—had seemed to me so worthy of a king as did this English house, with its front of rusticated stone, the swags of fruit and flowers above each window and each doorway, its parapet crowned with a row of classical statues. In front of the house, enclosing the gravel sweep, stood curved hedges of dark yew in which alcoves had been cut to shelter other statues. The unexpected splendour of the scene, appealing, as it did, to my childish love of the romantic, imprinted itself once and for all upon my memory.

Nor was I to be disappointed with the interior. The entrance hall, with its marble and gilt tables, each with its great bowl of hot-house flowers, the walls and ceiling decorated with that extraordinary composition by Thornhill which is known to students of seventeenth-century art as "The Falling

Asleep of Matthew Cheverel, First Earl of Melsetter," and which portrays in minute detail every phase of his triumphant career as a naval and military commander, had a sense of spaciousness I had never known before.

Equally far from convention (midnight moaning, chain-rattling, etc.) is Queen's Charity's subtle Italian ghost, seen only by Julian, but immediately felt, as a malevolent presence, by his fiancée, Elizabeth Westray. Elizabeth soon confides in Nicholas Quoyers that she feels herself prey to intense, unexplained foreboding. Though deeply in love with Julian, she keeps postponing their marriage. Will Julian, in the end, have to choose between house and bride? And, if so, what will his choice be? And to what, to whom, can this strange sense of doom be traced?

Repetition

THE answer is in the past—it is to be pieced together from the Italian diary of one Marco Foscoli, who, in the first half of the eighteenth century, had lived at Queen's Charity as secretary and close, confidential friend to Peregrine, third Earl of Melsetter. To Peregrine, as a portrait shows, the present-day Julian bears a startling resemblance. Foscoli's influence had been strong enough to break his patron's romance with a cousin, Louisa Foubister. Foscoli committed suicide after Peregrine's death, leaving behind a curse whose conditions Julian fulfils. Can one wonder that Elizabeth, as the defeated Louisa's successor, feels, in the air of Queen's Charity, something she has to fear? And the pattern repeats itself with a still



Bassano

Mr. William Dring, A.R.A., A.R.W.S.

Mr. William Dring, the well-known artist, has been commissioned by the Air Ministry to paint the portraits of famous airmen. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in April this year.

more sinister closeness when yet another Italian, young Signor Bembo, imported from Milan to translate Foscoli's diary, begins to dominate Julian and to extrude Elizabeth.

The middle part of the novel is set back in the eighteenth century, whose atmosphere it astonishingly recaptures—Mr. Bamford must be steeped in this period. The beginning and end of *What Stranger Cause?* are modern

(the story terminates with this present war). The pace is leisurely—Mr. Bamford loves detail and incident for its own sake, and his twentieth-century characters, like their predecessors, tend to group into "conversation pieces," of a somehow charming formality. He communicates to the reader his own pleasure in distinction, good manners and the graces of living. Chiefly, however, the interest of *What Stranger Cause?* lies in its presentation of character as being a destiny in itself. The fulfilment of the Melsetter family curse, which awaited Julian, took really no frightful form. Not the worst, but the best of his temperament led him, at first unknowing, along the predestined path. He suffered less perhaps, in the long run, than did the woman who loved him and had to lose him, and the friend who could do no more than stand by and watch.

Youth

"STEPHEN HERO" (Cape; 9s. 6d.) is James Joyce's original draft for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Even the adventures of the manuscript are in keeping with the character of its author—hero—it was cast into the fire after its rejection by (some say) the twentieth publisher. This act of

(Concluded on page 216)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IN these days more than ever, the Sword of Damocles seems to be suspended over all life's lovelier joys. On the other hand, it never hangs over its vexations of spirit: on the contrary, it would seem as if a potent fertiliser were always at work on them. Invariably they bound about with *joie de vivre*. Therefore, when recently I was enduring without philosophy a sleepless night, as a change I began to count life's minor woes and fell asleep in blissful hatred. The list was a long one and most of it I don't now remember. But a few have stuck in the memory and contentedly I 'ate 'em still!

Let us take People first—the kind of people I would gaily put up against a wall to shoot shot into undignified places. For instance, the man who tells you that if your name is on a bomb you're for it, and if it isn't, you aren't—I have never gleaned the least comfort from that remark; all would-be comedians who emulate Max Miller, and every fat woman in trousers picking up pins; the manager of a local hotel, who allowed two airmen just back from France to wash and shave in a dingy bedroom and then charged them two pounds; the writer of a recent article on doodle-bombs in a London newspaper, who ended by declaring that, "nevertheless, the people living in the South of England were proud once again to be in the Battle for Freedom"; and all those whose relatives have either passed on or fallen asleep or left us, instead of just plain died.

I would also like a close season of at least ten years for "The Beautiful Blue Danube," all selections from *Carmen*, Gounod's *Faust*, at least three Hungarian Rhapsodies and most of the 1914-18 war songs. A heavy fine on all fat comics in films and the exhibition of more than two pairs of apparently identical legs to every 1000 ft. of Hollywood musicals. In which penalty I would include the characters who shoot rounds and rounds of ammunition at film villains—and miss them every time; together with several B.B.C. announcers, barking dogs, all authors of post-war "Jerusalem," and the outsize heads of buxom females on hoardings, who tell the world that their "slimness, complexion and vigour" are due to somebody's pills.

In any case, we all have our pet hatreds, and to count them up is an amusing alternative to counting sheep and blessings. Moreover, unlike the lovelier joys, there is no Sword of Damocles hanging over them. They will always be with us—like the radio next door. No sword of any kind ever seems to fall on the errand-boy whistling the Warsaw Concerto out of tune. Nor upon fresh revivals of *The Merry Widow* and resuscitations of *Charley's Aunt*. They are, in fact, beloved—nobody knows quite why, or by whom. But loved they are. So, although it is more profitable to love in company, thank goodness you can hate alone. And where better than lying in bed, or when more satisfying than when not being able to sleep?



Can a Bull Doze? By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

This drawing is our artist's tribute to that super-robot, the Bull-dozer, and envisages the efforts of a section of U.S.A. Army experts to initiate R.A.F. personnel (a detachment of an R.A.F. Airfield Construction Works Squadron) into the *modus operandi*. The R.A.F. use these monsters for levelling ground and making aerodromes, while the Army find them invaluable for clearing a way through the piled-up bomb rubble of captured towns. R.A.F. Bull-dozers are the prime responsibility of the Air Ministry Works Department, irreverently known in profane quarters as "Air Muddle and Worry Department." The R.A.F. Works Squadrons (Airfield Construction), to give them their official title, do magnificent work, making ground ready to receive aircraft in an incredibly short time and sometimes under appalling conditions

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

Prisoners of War Fund. As usual, the Fair was a tremendous success, due to the magnificent efforts of the Working Committee—the same committee who worked with Lady Vansittart last year. The weather was kind and glorious sunshine all day long filled the lovely grounds to overflowing. Many of the film colony at nearby Denham Studios were there, giving their support and help wherever it was most needed, and it is hoped that the funds raised will exceed even that magnificent total of last year. Helping Lady Vansittart was Princess Lobkowitz, the wife of the Czechoslovak Ambassador, and many others too numerous to refer to by name. The cause is very near to Lady Vansittart's heart, for she herself has three sons serving overseas. The eldest, Sir Colville Barclay, fourteenth Baronet of Pierston, Ayrshire, is in the Navy; the second, Cecil, who married Sir William Shenton's daughter, Yvonne, in 1939, is in the Diplomatic Corps and in Moscow; and the third, Robert, is in the Army and with our forces in Normandy.

Under a picture in our issue of August 2nd, taken at Hulcott Horse Show, we stated that Mrs. N. S. Gulbenkian had a winner in the utility driving event. The caption should have read: Mr. N. S. Gulbenkian's winner was driven by Mrs. M. Samuelson.



World Premiere Committee Meeting

Swabe

The world premiere of the film "Mr. Emmanuel" is to be presented at the Gaumont Theatre in aid of the establishment of a village in Palestine for the settlement of Jewish ex-Servicemen, a memorial to Brigadier Kisch, of whom General Montgomery said: "No soldier in this Army served more faithfully and gallantly." At the film premiere committee meeting Viscount Samuel is seen with Mrs. Kisch



The Anglo-Netherlands Luncheon

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden were present at a luncheon of the Anglo-Netherlands Society held in London in honour of M. Van Kleffens, the Netherlands Foreign Minister. In this picture are Sir Edward Campbell, Mrs. Eden, M. Van Kleffens, Professor Garbrand, Mr. Eden and Sir Neville and Lady Bland

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

haughty despondency was, however, to an extent undone by Mrs. James Joyce, who "at the risk of burning her hands, rescued these pages" about one-third of the whole. The destruction of the rest of the novel I do, having read *Stephen Hero*, most intensely regret. The interest of comparing this first draft with *A Portrait of the Artist* is, obviously, endless. But also, from the portion we have here, one is able to guess at what might have been James Joyce's first novel's value in its entirety. *Stephen Hero*, had it been published when it was written (which was between 1900 and 1903), might have gained for James Joyce a circle of readers of the kind who could not fail to be alienated by his late unfriendly obscurity. This increasing obscurity (present in *A Portrait of the Artist*, marked in passages of *Ulysses* and dominant throughout *Finnegans Wake*) cannot but have been, in part, the artist's defence against a world that apparently did not want him. Joyce pursued (some say elaborated) his own art inside an intellectual solitude that is, for a writer, neither natural nor good. Isolation, by every showing was forced on him: he was a great writer (one of the greatest in English literature) not because of, but surely in spite of it.

Stephen Hero pictures a young man at odds, like Hamlet, with his surroundings, obsessed, like Hamlet, with the idea of his personal destiny, but also, like Hamlet, potentially sociable. To an extent, this student at the National University, Dublin, is the undergraduate of all time. It is true that, for young Daedalus, the strongly Catholic and petty bourgeois character of his environment present extra problems, and that a good third in the catalogue of his irritations is the complacent Nationalism of his contemporaries. We see a natural heir to the outside world fuming in a narrow, provincial sphere—Stephen's great stand for Ibsen, for instance, scandalises the college debating society no less than it bothers his busy mother.

Prototype

THE world teems with young Stephens—though all, alas, do not grow up to be James Joyces. By these thousands, *Stephen Hero* may well be read as a manifesto. The language—as compared to that of the subsequent *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*—is juvenile, the thought straightforward, the narration conventional. There are action and movement outside as well as inside the hero's consciousness; there is first-rate character-drawing (such as that of the pompous, shifty and incorrigible Daedalus senior, some young ladies and some of Stephen's student friends) and there are simple, lively, poetic or realistic descriptive passages. Most important, and not to be overlooked, is James Joyce's theory of art in embryo. I do strongly recommend *Stephen Hero*—to appropriate readers; not, I must say, to all—as a clue or key to the novels that followed it. I mean, if you have not yet read *A Portrait of the Artist*, read *Stephen Hero* first—it may clear the way. Apart from everything else, this young novel by a great writer has outstanding merits of its own.

War Poetry

THOSE who complain that this war has produced little poetry have not, perhaps, had the courage to look far. I say "courage," because to read the best poetry that this war has produced is something of an ordeal. The uncompromisingness, the spiritual frankness of the poet during a total world war are perhaps to be dreaded: we do not want our nerves touched or our wounds probed; the ordinary human soul might well cry out to the poet, "Is this not all bad enough, without you telling me so?" The soul seeks, to help in its endurance, sublimation of war in poetry; either consolatory or heroic singing. Of that, it is true, there is little (of merit) now.

The Sun My Monument, by Laurie Lee (Hogarth Press; 3s. 6d.), contains poems that make a mystique of pain, but find their way through this to an immortal beauty. War's images, war's vocabulary, pervade nature, the countryside, the familiar scene, the very face of love. There is a dauntless, daunting refusal to escape to anywhere. Yet—

And still the silver star remains
pointing the cradle of the dove,
and still the harvest moon shines down
upon the world we will not have.

Poor Mary

"FLY ENVOUS TIME," by Lou King-Hall (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.) again (like *What Stranger Cause?*) plays tricks with the centuries, but in this case the action of the novel is set not in the present and the past, but in the present and the future. The present, I ought to say, is immediately pre-this-war, and takes the form of the journal of one Mary Gray, the pleasant, self-centred, contented young wife of Colin, secretary for the Berkshire County Cricket Club. The young Grays (a popular couple with enough money, plenty of friends, nice parents and charming children) glide more or less unsuspectingly towards the abyss. What they see on their visit to Germany annoys them, but does not disturb them deeply.

Next we have poor Mary's journal, edited, after her death, by her quite odious granddaughter, christened Ottawa, a complacent inhabitant of the Brave New World. Miss King-Hall, who shares my own feeling for old-world Mary, works off her spite (which again I share) against Ottawa in a manner totally satisfactory, which is not the least of the reasons for reading *Fly Envious Time*.



Thanks for the Tanks!

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FOR THE ELEGANT FIFTIES



Photographs by
Dennis



● Age cannot wither nor custom stale the charm of the woman who, in spite of advancing years, has maintained the perfection of elegance. These three designs come from Netta, of New Bond Street, a firm who specialise in subtle tailoring and slimming lines. ● Top right: A green wool-and-rayon mixture afternoon dress has a cross-over bodice skilfully fastened at the waist with a swathed belt and tie. It costs £10 4s. 6d.; fits 42-in. bust (eleven coupons). ● Above: A black wool "button-thru" coat-frock is high-lighted with cuff-facings of narrow white pique and a scarlet leather belt. It costs £12 1s. 8d., and is made in sizes to fit 42-in. and 44-in. bust. ● Right: Iridescent spots enliven this two-piece outfit of moss crepe. The short-sleeved dress is cleverly tucked at the waistline. The design is made also in plain colours, which include powder-blue, midnight, navy and grey. Prices range from £11 to £17, in sizes to fit 42-in. to 48-in. bust

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Stories from Everywhere

THERE was much talk among an air corps squadron in the South Pacific of the horrors of being forced down among the aborigines, but very soon two men radioed back that their dive bomber was going down and the only land nearby was of the cannibal islands. The next day a routine search was made. Roaring low over the beach where the flyers might have landed the searching pilots saw three natives carrying spears, one wearing a pilot's cap, another a pair of goggles and the third a khaki shirt. The pilots feared the worst when they saw an even more amazing sight. Beneath the shade of a spreading tree lay their lost companions, their lanky frames encased in colourful garments. Around them were stacked heaps of tropical fruits. And over them stood two natives stirring a cooling breeze with tropical fronds. To their popeyed rescuers in the planes above they gave only a languid wave.

THE theatrical agent's new clerk entered the private room and said: "There's a lady to see you, sir." "Is she good-looking?" "Yes, sir." "Show her in." Ten minutes later the clerk was summoned. "Well," said the agent, gruffly, "you're a nice judge of beauty, I must say." "Well, sir, I had to be careful, sir. For all I knew, she might have been your wife." "Yes," said the agent, acidly, "she was."

AN undertaker found a donkey lying dead just in front of his premises and went to inform the police. "What am I to do with it?" he asked the officer in charge.

The officer had a sense of humour. "Do with it?" he asked with a grin. "Bury it, of course. You're an undertaker, aren't you?" "That's true," replied the undertaker. "But I thought it only right to come round and inform the relatives first."

A ROAD-HOG known for his determination never to be overtaken was going at great speed one day when he heard an insistent "honking" behind him.

He turned and saw, just on his wheels, a tiny car driven by a wild-looking individual.

Back he turned to his wheel, down went the accelerator pedal, and up rushed the speed indicator.

Seventy-eighty-ninety miles an hour were touched, but still the hooting continued.

At last, worn out, the speed maniac slowed down and drew to the side of the road.

"Come on, then, if you must pass," he cried.

"I'm extremely sorry," said the driver of the baby car, "but I'm hooked on."

THE beer in the officers' mess was not up to standard, so it was sent out to the men. Meeting a sergeant of the company later on, an officer asked what the beer was like.

"Just right," said the sergeant.

"Did the men think it good?" asked the officer.

"Just right," the sergeant repeated.

"What exactly do you mean by 'just right,' sergeant?" the officer persisted.

"Well, it's like this, sir," answered the sergeant. "If it had been worse we couldn't have drunk it, and if it had been better we shouldn't have had the chance."



A broadcast was planned by three well-known artists of the air when Archie Andrews and Peter Brough called on the Forces' Sweetheart Vera Lynn at Broadcasting House recently. Vera Lynn has only recently returned to this country from a tour of India and the Burma Front where she has been singing to the boys as far up the line as she was allowed

ADAM and Eve were naming the animals of the when along came a rhinoceros.

"What shall we call this one?" asked Adam.

"Let's call it a rhinoceros."

"But why a rhinoceros?"

"Well, because it looks more like a rhinoceros anything we've named yet."

A FARM servant was being examined for h insurance and was asked: "Have you ever an accident?"

"No," was the answer.

"Then why are you lame?"

"A bull pitched me over a fence."

"Well, wasn't that an accident?"

"No fear, the old bull meant it."

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We have had two "Special Packs," with our "Powder-Puff design" since the War began. Stocks of these will soon be exhausted and we are now presenting a third Temporary Model, as illustrated, the contents of which (in spite of its "Spartan simplicity") are of pre-war quality and perfection.

No change whatsoever has occurred in the formula or processing, and the ingredients employed are of the original high standard of purity.

BEWARE of "Air Spun" offered loose, or in any other form of pack than the three mentioned above. They can only be imitations.

The necessities of war must for the time being limit the production of Coty Air Spun and other Beauty aids which have thrilled the world of women, but we are confident the time is now within sight when we hope the removal of restrictions will enable Coty to provide all the indispensable aids to Beauty.



Coty **AIR SPUN**
THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Up the Gawpers

WITH the best intentions, the *Daily Express* not long ago was inveighing against fly-bomb "gawpers" as it called them. Although I see the point it was making and appreciate that crowds of the inexpert are apt to get in the way of the expert and trained rescue squads, I am not entirely satisfied that we ought to pillory the gawper. If one day I find myself pinned beneath a mountain of wreckage, I shall long for gawpers—the more of them the better. For I shall be certain that the gawpers will be there long before the rescue squads and I shall hope that some of the gawpers will try and get me out.

After all what is the difference between a gawper and a rescuer? Surely it lies mainly in whether the man is on duty or not. And remember that the modern method of sending for the fire brigade—and presumably for the rescue squad—consists of handing a written message to someone who carries it on foot to someone else who countersigns it and sends it on to somebody else, the whole thing to be done on the proper form or else the entire transaction becomes invalid and the fire is left to burn itself out. If I find myself in the situation I have mentioned, pinned beneath the wreckage, I shall think of those forms and signatures and messengers and I shall pray for gawpers, the more the better. A gawper in time is worth a rescue squad when it is too late.

Composite Aircraft

TO love our enemies I find is beyond me. I have always found it difficult to like the German. But to admire him is easy. In the matter of the practical application of new inventions he has been exceedingly quick and exceedingly efficient. He was working with air-to-air rockets before ourselves; he introduced trailing bombs for countering serried day-bomber formations; he now has a rocket-assisted Messerschmitt fighter; he has been first in the field (using that word in the military sense) with jet propulsion and now he has taken over a British invention and put it to use.

As I write the use he has made of the composite aircraft does not seem to be of much importance. He has "inverted" the Mayo idea and put the machine



G/Capt. Hughie Idwal Edwards, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., now commanding an all Australian squadron of Lancaster bombers in Britain, is the proud owner of a bulldog called Sally. G/Capt. Edwards, who comes from Western Australia, won his V.C. in 1941 for a raid on Bremen, less than three weeks after being awarded the D.F.C. He married in 1940 Mrs. Cherry (Pat) Beresford

which does the job below the other. (In the Mayo the aircraft which did the operational flying was the upper and not the lower component.) Otherwise he has taken a lot from the British invention which Britain turned down.

Have we always been right to resist these new inventions? Is it better to keep in the well-known rut than to branch out into new developments? I would answer emphatically, No. If the United Nations are winning this war it is as much and perhaps more because they are the possessors of enormous, overwhelming, numerical superiority in every branch than because they have been quick with new inventions and secret weapons.

I imagine that the Germans must have permitted themselves a quiet smile when we came out with a great story about our wonderful progress in jet propulsion for they knew then that they themselves were about to launch the first jet-propelled aircraft to go into full-scale production against us—the flying bomb,

Spem, doodle-bug or what-not. Probably they sm even more broadly when it was announced that it considered so supremely important that Britain should "maintain her lead" in jet propulsion research that the Government had taken over the company chiefly concerned and was going to make the thing a Government research. On the whole I do not think that inventors—or those responsible for weighing the inventions—have been very successful in this war, would say that the Hun has shown himself the best military innovator.

Public Relations

A FRIEND who has been visiting Air Force units belonging to the Allied Expeditionary Air Force has been telling me of the difference in treatment receives from the Americans and from the British. At American squadrons the officers lay themselves out to help him and to give him all possible assistance in assembling the facts. At British squadrons the attitude is too often adopted that the visitor is there on sufferance and that everything he sees must be covered by so cautious a remark. It would not be so bad if the R.A.F. officers who do the conducting showed themselves up to date in what may and what may not be published. But they sometimes have a regrettable schoolboy tendency to think that everything seen is automatically secret and therefore not to be shown to any press representative.

The ill-will the R.A.F. can lay up for itself by this kind of thing is incalculable; just as the goodwill the Americans are in fact and without question laying for themselves by better and more up-to-date procedure is incalculable. The Americans understand publicity and they know its value in modern life. The other day the American Army Air Force asked the American air writers' association to visit their equivalent of one of our main experimental stations. Now we have an air writers' circle in this country—though it is a much smaller thing than the American concern—but has it been invited to see our main experimental stations? Has it been permitted to see any secret aircraft or aero-engines? The answer is No, and again No.

We have a good deal to learn in the matter of publicity and public relations, and if we mean anything by our talk about democracy, the sooner we learn it the better.

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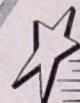
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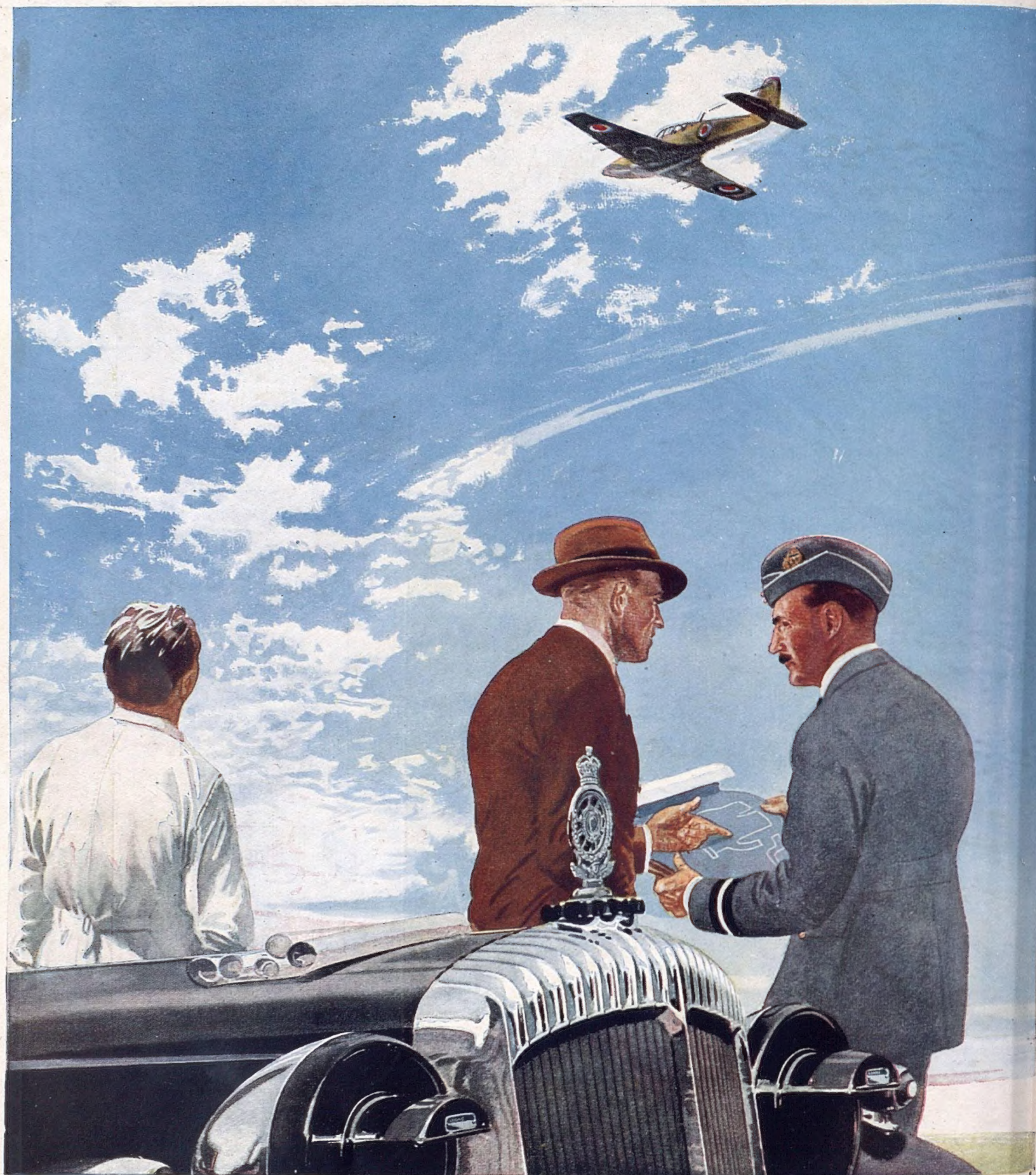
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